

# Deathmask Divine

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Removal of the eyes gives my heart a saddened chill  
I preserve them in formaldehyde to gaze upon at will  
How their greenish flecks befell me that starlit winter's night  
I lost all that I ever was while locked within their sight  
Before you sits a broken man, your fragile pinkish heart  
in hand  
Peculiar how it can hurt so bad while love is only in the mind  
I sew the gaping chest work, each thread is made with love  
The bosom where I would rest my face is covered in your blood  
No, this is not the end  
You'll live on eternally  
Oh Lord, it's not the end  
My secret you'll forever be I interrupt this transformation, a familiar lust swelling in me  
A long and soulful kiss, the shades are drawn, the living world can't see  
The coil of entrails, how curious the smell  
So pungent to my eager nostrils, hands further compelled  
No, it's not the end  
Forever you'll be in my arms I could never let you go, my darling, cold and blue  
I wonder, are you dreaming still, spread eagled, blood removed  
I weave the sucking trocar beneath your bruising skin  
Tonight I'll lay beside you, darling, in necromantic sin  
Pinned to the bed sheets like a prized butterfly, you're  
mine  
I hear your voice so precious, echoing deeply inside  
I did my best to love you while you did live and breathe  
This tender taxidermy, trophy of the bereaved I could never let you go, my darling, cold and blue  
I wonder, are you dreaming still, spread eagled, blood removed  
I weave the sucking trocar beneath your bruising skin  
Tonight I'll lay beside you, darling, in necromantic sin

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